

advice of the Editor of our contemporary, the *Educational Journal*, of Toronto. We would like, on the plea that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, says the Editor of that periodical, to draw out the ideas of our teachers to a much greater extent than we have hitherto succeeded in doing, on Educational questions. The discussion on the question of age, mental and moral qualification, and just remuneration of teachers, which has been going on in our columns, and which is not yet concluded, for we have more letters to publish, will, we believe, result in good. We may not, for various reasons, be able to publish all the letters sent us, but we like to receive them, and to print as many as possible. Editors are of necessity compelled to be somewhat arbitrary in such matters. No disrespect to the Department is involved in proper criticism of its methods. On the contrary, we dare say that the responsible authorities are glad—and if they are not they ought to be—to have such subjects discussed. No government in a free country can legislate far in advance of professional public opinion. Those who help to form such opinion along right lines are benefactors. Nor is it against the interests of young candidates for certificates to advocate the elevating of the standard, for whatever raises the level of the profession to a higher plane confers a real benefit upon all who purpose to engage in it. The indirect but sure effect of such raising of the standard must be to increase salaries and improve the position of the teacher in every respect. And to all of this the Editor of the *Educational Record* says Amen.]

*To the Editor of the School Journal :*

DEAR SIR.—Finding that my geography class was not particularly interested in latitude and longitude and did not understand it very well, I tried the following and was successful :

Arthur, tell me where on this apple do I place this pin ? Yes, on the side nearest to me, but now, when I turn the apple, where is it ? Cannot tell ? So you see it is difficult to locate anything on a moving ball. Now I will tell you a story. Will you try to imagine it as I tell it to you ?

There was once an old man who owned a large round farm, very large. 360 measures around, made up, as farms are, of plains, hills, and valleys, also *this* farm was more than half water, remember that. This circle will represent the farm, draw one on your slates, with chalk if you like.

The old man of course had a great many men to work on his farm. and as he sat at home and they came to him for directions he sometimes found it hard to make them understand just where he wanted them to go to work. *He* knew all about it, but they were sometimes new hands and made very bad and ridiculous mistakes, going to his orchards to cut timber, drawing off his fish ponds, and turning aside his trout streams.